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A GENUINE WELCOME.

New Mexico, all Albuquerque, the rough Riders, extend a genuine welcome tonight to America's first citizen, Theodore Roosevelt.

The hero of San Juan hill, ex-president and mighty hunter, will be greeted with a warmth that is not affected and a cordiality that is truly western.

A similar greeting also is extended to Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Ethel and the Roosevelt party.

The Evening Herald might make use of an effusion of words to further impress upon the distinguished guest of the city that his many friends out here are glad to see him. Mr. Roosevelt knows the west, however, and it is unnecessary to say more.

If Mr. Roosevelt should have the slightest doubt as to his welcome upon arriving in Albuquerque, it will be dispelled completely before he leaves.

The only regret is that the Roosevelts cannot stay longer.

IN TEN YEARS.

It is no longer a case of "Young man, go west and grow up with the country." At least it is not in the sense it was a few years ago. A more modern version would be "Young man, if you are going west to grow up with the country, you will have to hurry."

The west is growing, and growing faster than ever in its history. This applies particularly to the territories where the last of the public domain still open to entry, is fast being taken up. There are a few million acres of tree land in the southwest that can still be homesteaded and that will grow crops either by irrigation or dry farming.

But anyone who has been in New Mexico for the past ten years cannot fail to note the way in which the settler has taken up the valleys and mesas and turned them into productive farms. On all sides it has been going on. From the Mimbre valley, which within a year has been turned from a desert into rich farm land, by means of pumping, to the great Elephant Butte project, which is now under way, and the Roosevelt dam in Arizona, which is ready for work.

The foregoing is merely a brief introductory to a matter of far more concern to anyone who desires to become a tiller of the soil.

For many years yet to come the mineral resources of New Mexico will provide ample room for all capital seeking investment, but it is a conservative statement to say that within the space of the next ten years every acre of tillable land within the borders of the state of New Mexico will be taken up.

Moreover, land that can now be bought for a small sum per acre, will be worth many times as much and in some cases it will have increased in value 100 per cent. The young man of today who permits this opportunity to pass without securing a home on the lands of New Mexico may well consider himself improvident ten years from now.

It matters not whether he secures a homestead, whether he retains a home under the desert act or whether he buys a tract of land for the small amount it can be purchased for at this time.

Land in New Mexico will never be cheaper. On the contrary, the virgin soil of the southwest, with the fine climate, the healthful ozone and the pure waters, will be in greater demand in ten years from now than any agricultural land on the North American continent.

The young man of today who has an eye to the future will not fail at this time to become the independent man of tomorrow if he secures some of the land which can be had for a song.

It does not matter in what section of the territory the land may be located, it will advance in value and the opportunity now open to the young man of little means will not be open to his children in the land of sunshine.

Real estate is the basis of all wealth. The answer is obvious.

IN 1898 AND NOW.

Von Moitke, the German who first applied "thoroughness" on a grand scale to the management of a mighty army, needed in order to start the war machinery upon an elaborate campaign, to do only one thing—to put open drawer number seven—and so in cabinet B, and, taking out from a carefully arranged packet of papers a certain little slip to telegraph our message to a certain destination where the heart of the army resided and had its activity. Within ten minutes after the despatch of that message the tremendous legend of the imperial army began to unroll.

Every man was at his post and each man knew what to do. The receipt of the first order was the signal for units of divisions and atoms corps to give their orders, which were relayed by other and still more orders to inferior officers until the circle was completed and the army was on the march. Everything and everybody moved with the certainty and precision of a perfect machine, because the whole scheme of action had been thought out and fixed long before there was any need of action.

TO HAVE CELEBRATION

Old Fellows of Artesia Will Celebrate Anniversary of Lodge's Founding.

Special to Evening Herald.

Artesia, N. M., March 15.—Artesia old Fellows will celebrate the anniversary of the order April 24, and have invited the other lodges of the Pease Valley to assist in making the celebration a success. Indications are that there will be over 200 visitors, as the lodges at Roswell, Alamogordo, Lake Arthur and Hope have already signified their intention of attending. The program includes a parade, speeches to Frank J. Tammie, Jr., of Hagerman, grand master, and Rev. Joel Hestholt of Tucumcari, deacon in the various lodges and a banquet. The degrees will also probably be conferred by the Roswell lodges.

The Santa Fe will construct on Pease Avenue in Artesia a new pressed brick station and has 2,000 additional feet of trackage. The old station will be used as a freight house.

A committee from the Commercial club, consisting of C. A. Simple, Wm. Danner, John B. Earle, Albert Blake, C. V. Blundell and J. E. Swanson, conferred with the county commissioners with reference to a heavy assessment of real estate. The commissioners promised to give the matter attention.

Gaylor Talton has sold his controlling interest in the Artesia Advocate to J. L. Tullis, who succeeds him as editor and manager of the paper.

The McDowell club has secured the services of Arthur Midkiff, bassoonist in a concert to be given in Artesia on March 27.

John B. Earle has received word from the postoffice department that another Inspector will be sent here to investigate the removal of the post-

office.

Western college will give a musical recital at the auditorium March 24.

Dr. C. M. Light, president of the territorial normal school at Silver City, made an address to the pupils of the high school here.

The teachers of the public schools went to Carlsbad in order to attend Eddy County Teachers' association.

A local post of the G. A. R. has been organized with Wm. H. Morgan, commander and J. M. Millhoff, adjutant.

Geo. W. Welton has purchased the tailor shop of D. L. Bishop.

LEARN THE GAME.

Some of these western statesmen who are continually complaining that they never receive anything at the hands of the national administration in the way of jobs have only themselves to blame. The west must change its ways. These westerners must more closely read the news of the day and they will soon discover wherein their weakness with the administration is located.

The Evening Herald notes that Mr. Taft threw the care of state to the four winds for several hours the other day and devoted himself to pursuing a little ball about the links.

There, gentlemen, is the solution of your difficulties—at least some of 'em. For some and among the only game that has attracted any serious attention in the west has been stud poker.

Anti-gambling came along and destroyed that classic pastime. There has arisen nothing to take its place. The law abiding statesmen of the west scorn such gentle amusements as ping-pong and lawn tennis. With resignation he has abandoned his stock of chips as a relic of the past. Unlike his more progressive brother of the eastern coast, he has not realized that in a game there is more than mere amusement.

Gentlemen, the dose may be a bitter one but at least it can do me harm. If under the law, you cannot shuffle the deck and open the jackpot in the good old-fashioned way, resign not, but secure you a club or two and take up the more arduous and profitable task of hitting the elusive little ball around the links—whatever the links may be. Play golf.

The communication to the Evening Herald from an "Ex-Kansan," published in last evening's issue, recalls the hardships of the early Kansas settlers. They are now among the wealthiest farmers of the country. The hardships of the southwest of today are as nothing compared to the days of the settlement of Kansas when the war-hire still existed and

GETS MONEY FROM COOK

Chef on Trip Up Mount McKinley Receives \$350 for Services on Trip.

Auburn, March 13.—S. P. Beecher of this city, who was chef for Dr. Frederick Cook on his memorable trip to Mount McKinley, has after many attempts to get his money, received a check from the doctor for \$350 for services performed on the expedition. Beecher avishes that he made repeated attempts to get his pay and finally threatened to bring suit with the result that the check was forthcoming. Dr. Cook pleaded a scarcity of funds as a reason for not paying the debt sooner.

Beecher was with the expedition from start to finish and took some of the photographs that have been published in scores in the vicinity of the mountain. Beecher, while being conversant with every feature and step of the expedition, has never taken part in the controversy about whether Cook really reached the summit of

the mountain.

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when the lone homesteader frequently had to fight Indians as well as hawks and other "Hold on to your land. It will pay you in the end." The "Ex-Kansan" evidently has been there and be known.

The Evening Herald cautions all New Mexicans to use more than customary restraint upon the visit to this city of the Roosevelt party this evening. Doubtless the strained situation will be mentioned by our distinguished guests and in commenting upon the action of Mr. Taft, the senator from Oklahoma let us ever bear in mind that there are ladies present Theodore will understand.

Every man was at his post and each man knew what to do. The receipt of the first order was the signal for units of divisions and atoms corps to give their orders, which were relayed by other and still more orders to inferior officers until the circle was completed and the army was on the march. Everything and everybody moved with the certainty and precision of a perfect machine, because the whole scheme of action had been thought out and fixed long before there was any need of action.

The memory in military minds of the splendid story of German military efficiency must have brought into high and unpleasant relief the experience of our own little army in 1898 when it set out for Cuba. That better shelter excursion was quite shameful, and we are glad that it will probably never be repeated. Our present military "maneuvers," whatever may be their political significance, have disclosed a state of efficiency of which all sorts of Americans may be proud.

A few hours after the order for the mobilization of 20,000 troops practically the entire number had begun to converge on the objective points, San Antonio, Texas. Artillery, horses, marines and ships of war were all ready and all on the point of going. Ammunition, stores, rations and all the essentials for a real campaign in the field or on the sea against a real enemy were instantly available. The order came as a complete surprise to the vast majority of the officers to whom it was directed, and yet it carried with it no confusion because this exact problem had been studied and completely prepared for down to the minutest detail.

The quartermaster's department could place its long arms upon all the supplies needed and assemble them the ammunition was ready; the men were at hand and equipped; the horses and the field guns were in place and the directing force of the army knew exactly what lines of railroads were available from every given point of shipment, and also what routes were to be taken and how everything—men, horses, guns and stores—was to be disposed of on arrival at the destination.

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MIGNON'S SONG.

Know at the land where crimson apples bloom,
And oranges like gold in leafy gloom
A winter wind from deep blue heaven blows.
The myrtle thick on high the laurel grows.

Know at the land where crimson apples bloom,

Tis there! tis there,

My true love one, there with me must go!

Know at the land where crimson apples bloom,

There is a glimmer, glitters bright the hall.

And marble statues stand, and look each one.

Where this poor child to these they've done?

Know at the land where crimson apples bloom,

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